

# The Yazoo City Whig.

J. A. STEVENS, Editor &amp; Proprietor.

YAZOO CITY, (MI.) FRIDAY, SEPT. 19, 1845.

VOL. 10, No. 11.—Whole No. 470.

## THE YAZOO CITY WHIG.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

BY J. A. STEVENS.

On Jefferson-street, next door to the office of Messrs. Wilkinson &amp; Miles, and E. W. Quackenbush.

TERMS.—The Whig will be furnished to subscribers at \$5.00 per annum in advance, or \$5 at the end of the year.

Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square for the first insertion and 50 cents for each week thereafter—ten lines or less, constituting a square. The number of insertions required, must be marked on the margin of the manuscript, or they will be inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Political, Cotton Circulars or any articles on individual interest, will be charged as advertisements and must be paid for in advance.

All advertisements from a distance, must be accompanied with the CASH or they will not be inserted.

Announcing candidates for office will be \$5 for county offices, \$10 for state offices—in advance.

For advertising Citations from the Probate Court to persons interested to come forward and show cause why an order of sale should not be granted, 12 dollars, to be paid for in advance.

For advertising Orders granted by the Probate Court for the sale of property, 15 dollars to be paid for in advance.

For advertising Chancery Notices to non-residents, 15 dollars each, to be paid for in advance.

For advertising Petitions for Dower, from 10 to 15 dollars, to be paid for in advance.

For advertising Notice of Letters of Administration, 7 dollars, to be paid for in advance.

For advertising Notice of annual or final settlement by Administrators, 2 dollars, to be paid for in advance.

For advertising Notice of Insolvent Estates (for 6 months, \$27, to be paid for in advance.

Trustees' Sales, and all other advertisements not specified, must be paid for in advance.

All advertisements of a personal nature will be charged double price, and payment required in advance.

Yearly Advertising.

For forty lines or less, renewable at pleasure \$60. No contract taken for less than one year—and payable half yearly in advance.

The privilege of annual advertisements is limited to their own immediate business; and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, sent in by them must be paid for by the square.

Professional Advertisements.

For 10 lines or less, not alterable, 3 months, \$12 " 10 do do do 6 do do 20 " 10 do do do 12 do do 30

As the above rates are the same as those established in Natchez, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Gulf and elsewhere in this State, no deduction will be made from them in any case whatever.

ALL JOB WORK MUST BE PAID FOR ON DELIVERY.

Bank Note Table, Corrected Weekly, NEW-ORLEANS MONEY MARKET.

Adapted for Yazoo City Market.

STANDARD SPECIES.

Gas Light and Banking Company, par. par.

Bank of Louisiana, par. par.

Mechanics and Traders', par. par.

City Bank of New Orleans, par. par.

Union Bank, par. par.

State Bank, par. par.

Canal Bank, par. par.

Carrollton Bank, par. par.

SUSPENDED BANKS.

Citizens' Bank, 30 dis.

Consolidated Bank, 35 "

Commercial Bank, 25 "

REPUTED BANKS.

Exchange Bank, 30 c per dol.

Improvement, 30 c do.

Bank of Orleans, 25 c do.

Atchafalaya, 20 c do.

Blue Backs, 87 c do.

MUNICIPALITY NOTES.

Municipality No. 1, 20 pr ct. dis.

No. 2, 35 " "

No. 3, 75 " "

Alabama, 3 " "

Tennessee, 3 " "

South Carolina, 3 " "

## BUSINESS CARDS.

WM. H. LILLARD. DANIEL B. MOSBY.

LILLARD &amp; MOSBY,

Wholesale Grocers,

AND

Commission Merchants,

Nos. 28 and 29 New Levee St., N. Orleans.

Oct. 1, 1844.—14:1y

YEATMAN &amp; CO.,

Commission and Forwarding

Merchant,

21 St. Charles Street, New Orleans.

Oct. 1, 1844.—14:1y

V. &amp; L. G. GALLAWAY,

General Commission and

Forwarding Merchants,

No. 95, CAMP STREET,

NEW-ORLEANS.

Our friends who ship their cotton from Yazoo City, can be supplied with Bagging, Rope, Twine, Kentucky Linseed and Jeans, by calling on Messrs. John Jeffrey, or Perry &amp; Walker.

Sept. 24th, 1844.—12:1y V. &amp; L. G. G.

J. F. HILDRETH &amp; CO.,

Grocers and Provision

MERCHANTS,

AND DEALERS IN

Wines, Liquors, Segars, &amp;c.,

No. 17, Poydras Street, New Orleans.

Oct. 1, 1844.—14:1y

S. S. SEARIGHT &amp; CO.,

Wholesale Grocers,

Corner Canal Street and New Levee,

NEW-ORLEANS.

Shropshire, Coleman &amp; Co.

Commission Merchants

AND

Dealers in Staple Goods,

MAIN STREET, YAZOO CITY.

Will furnish general supplies for Plantation and Family use.

J. P. SHROPSHIRE, Yazoo City,

W. &amp; D. COLEMAN, Franklin.

July 12, 1844. 1-6t.

E. B. GRAYSON. JOHN H. HOLLINGSWORTH.

JOHN H. HOLLINGSWORTH &amp; CO.

Produce, Grocery,

Forwarding and Commission

MERCHANTS,

Lower Landing, Yazoo City, Miss.

Dec. 15, 1843. 23-1f

A. G. NALLE. WALTER COX.

NALLE &amp; COX,

COTTON FACTORS,

AND

Commission Merchants,

No. 90, CAMP STREET,

NEW-ORLEANS.

September 1, 1843. 10-6m.

ROBSON &amp; ALLEN,

Respectfully inform their Friends and Customers that they continue the

COMMISSION

AND

Forwarding Business,

At their Old Stand, No. 28 St. Charles St.

NEW-ORLEANS.

THEY will make advances, either here, or through ALLEN &amp; BARKSDALE, at Yazoo City, on all Cotton consigned to them, (provided the same is insured as usual) and will attend promptly to receiving and forwarding all goods consigned to their care—to filling Orders, or any other business entrusted to them: They solicit the patronage of their friends—promising that their best exertions shall be used to give satisfaction.

N. Orleans, Oct. 2, 1844.—15:1f.

JESSE D. CARR &amp; CO.

(SUCCESSORS TO ANDERSON, CARR &amp; CO.)

Commission and Forwarding

MERCHANTS,

AND

GENERAL AGENTS

No. 7, Bank Place, New Orleans.

July 18, 1845. 2-6m.

Notice.

WE would inform our patrons and the public generally, that they will find at the Phoenix House (the most popular Hotel in the City) the very accommodated proprietors, J. Lamkin &amp; Co., always ready with their attentive servants, to convey horses, buggies, &amp;c., to and from this establishment to our stable without extra charge. Persons wishing any thing in the livery business, will apply to us, or J. Lamkin &amp; Co.

aug 15-6-4f

BLACKMAN, SCOTT, &amp; Co.

BLANK DECLARATIONS.

For sale at this OFFICE.

## POETRY.

"Let there be Light."

BY E. ELLIOTT, OF SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND.

God said, let there be light!

Grim darkness felt his might,

And fled away;

Then started seas, and mountains cold,

Shone forth, all bright in blue and gold,

And cried, "This day 'tis day!"

Hail holy light! exclaimed—

The thunderous clouds that flamed

O'er daisies white;

And lo! the rose in crimson dress'd,

Leaned sweetly o'er the lily's breast,

And blushing, murmured "Light."

Then was the skylark born;

Then the rose embattled corn;

Then floods of praise

Flowed o'er the sunny hills of noon;

And then in the stillest night the moon

Poured forth her penitential tears:

Lo! heaven's bright bow is glad!

Lo! trees and flowers are clad

In glory, bloom.

And shall the immortal sons of God

Be senseless as the untrodden clod,

And darker than the tomb?

No! by the mind of man,

By the sweet art, and

By God, our sire!

Our souls have holy light within,

And every form of grief and sin

Shall see and feel its fire.

By earth, and hell and heaven!

The shroud of souls is riven.

Mind, blind alone

Is light, and hope and power;

The night of mind is gone!

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Queer Customer.

"It is most amusing," said Richard Merwyn, as he relinquished the attempt to rise from the gutter at the corner of — and — streets. "It is really astonishing how soon this dreadful climate of America brings out old age. I shall never survive to get home and write a book about the place—never. Here I am, six feet two, without my stockings, sprawling in a dirty, republican gutter, without being able to help myself out of it. There's a lamp winking and blinking in my face, as if it wants to laugh, and would, if it had a mouth, and a big brute of a dog nosed me to see whether I was good to eat. What a country!—what gutters!—and what liquor! I only took nine smaller of whiskey, and what with that and premature old age, I verily believe I am assassinated—I'm a gone chicken!"

Mr. Merwyn now clamored so loudly that assistance soon came.

"Silence there!—what's the matter?"

"Matter yourself! I'm being done, or as some people say, I'm doing. The march of mind has tripped, and Richard Merwyn is too deep for himself. Help me out—gently—there. Ain't I in a pretty pickle? This is what the doctors call *gutta serena*, isn't it?"

"When I was at school the boys would have called you guttural."

"They wouldn't have known much grammar, if they did. I'm a liquid—see me drip."

"Oh! ho!" said the watch, "don't try to be funny; I know you well enough, now you have washed your face. You're the chap that locked me up in my box once, and when I burst open the door, you knocked me heels over head, and legged it."

"That's me. I did that thing. How do you like the ups and downs of public life. Isn't variety charming?"

"If it wasn't that I'm a public functionary and mustn't give way to my feelings, I'd crack your coxcombs, and ease my mind of doing as I was done by. I'll make an example of you, however. You are my prisoner. *Halloo coo!* to the watch 'us. That's the Dutch for being took up."

"Well give us your arm. Don't be afraid of the mud. Gutter mud is very wholesome. Look at the pigs how fat it makes 'em: and if you like fat pork why shouldn't you like what makes pork fat? So—so—steady."

Now I'll tell you all about 'other night. I was passing your box in a friendly promiscuous sort of a way, I thought you were asleep or had run down, and I turned the key to wind you up. If a watch ain't wound up, it can't keep either good time, or even go."

"Why, then I watch'd the box, and when you come out I boxed the watch. That's all. It grew out of my obliging disposition."

"Hail very obliging. Now it's my turn to wind you up, and to do it in the same way, I'll take you before the watch maker, to be cleansed and regulated. You go too fast—but I'll put a stop to you by the regulator and make you keep good time."

"Why, watchy, you're a wag. Why don't you say that I was a horizontalist, and that you lifted me up like a patent lever? You're awake now; but that night you wasn't up to trap, or you would have caught me; I caught a woe-sleep that time—I put fresh salt on you for sure."

To add one more to his vagaries, Merwyn refused to walk a step further; and sitting down on step, loudly avowed his resolution, and declared his name was not Walker.

Whether your name be Walker or not, you must go."

"Not without a go-cart—you can't force me to go—I'm a legal tender, and you must take me. Haven't I got an office, or at least a public situation, here on these steps? If I must go, it shall be on the yankee principle of rotation; bring me a wheel barrow! Reform me out regularly." It was procured, and away they went.

"So we go," said Merwyn, "Charley's making a barrow-night of me. Gently over the stones! I don't like bumpers, except when I get them of porter. This is the way to Wheeling—hurrah! cart before the horse!"

Arriving at the watch-house, he insisted upon being wheeled up stairs, and styled the place a *barrow* castle. "I'm a modest man," said he, "and no stainer. If I can't have a ride up I think myself entitled to a drawback." So he attempted to escape, but was soon caught, being as he said, like Goldsmith's works, "beautifully chased." The punster was soon carried aloft, and next morning sober and penitent, paid his tipsy fine and his carriage hire with a doleful countenance.

Kicking a Yankee.

A very handsome friend of ours, who a few weeks ago was poked out of a comfortable office up the river, has betaken himself to Bangor, for a time, to recover from the wound inflicted upon his feelings by our "unprincipled and immolating administration."

Change of air must have had an instant effect upon his spirits, for, from Galena, he writes us an amusing letter, which among other things, tells of a desperate quarrel that took place on board of the boat between a real live dandy tourist, and a real live yankee settler. The latter trod on the toes of the former threatened to "kick out of the cabin" the latter.

"You'll kick me out of this cabin?"

"Yes, sir, I'll kick you out of this cabin!"

"You'll kick me Mr. Hitchcock out of this cabin?"

"Yes, sir, I'll kick you Mr. Hitchcock!"

"Well, I guess," said the yankee, very coolly, after being perfectly satisfied that it was himself who stood in such imminent peril of assault—"I guess, since you talk of kicking, you've never heard me tell about old Brady and my mare, there, to hum?"

"No, sir, nor do I wish —"

"Wal, guess it won't set you back much any how, as kicking's generally best to be considered on. You see old Brady is one of these sanctimonious, long faced hypocrites, who put on a religious suit every Sabbath morning, and with a good deal of screwing manage to keep it on till after sermon in the afternoon; and as I was a Universalist, he allers picked me out as a subject for religious conversation—and the darned hypocrite would talk about heaven, hell and the devil—the crucifixion and prayer, without ever winking. Wal, he had an old roan mare that would jump over any fourteen rail fence in Illinois, and open any door in my barn that hadn't a padlock on it. Ta or three times I found her in my stable, and I told Brady about it, and he was 'very sorry'—an unrelly animal!—would watch her, and a hull lot of such things, all said in a very serious manner, with a face twice as long as old Deacon Farrar's on Sacrament day. I knew all the time he was lying, and so I watched him and his old roan tu; and for three nights regular, old roan came to my stable about bed time, and just at daylight Brady would come, bridle her and ride off. I then just took my old mare down to a blacksmith's shop, and had some shoes made with 'cocks' about four inches long, and had 'em nailed on to her hind feet. Your heels, mister, ain't nothing to 'em. I took her home, give her about ten feet halter, and tied her right in the centre of the stable, fed her well with oats about nine o'clock, and after taking a good smoke, went to bed, knowing that my old mare was a truth telling animal, and that she'd give a good report of herself in the morning. I hadn't got fairly to sleep before the old 'oman hunched me and wanted to know what on earth was the matter out at the stable. Says I, go to sleep Peggy, it is nothing but 'Kate'—she is kicking off flies, I guess. Party soon she hunched me agin, and says she, Mr. Hitchcock, do git up and see what in the world is the matter with Kate, for she is kicking most powerfully." Lay still, Peggy—Kate will take care of herself, I guess.

Wal, the next morning, about daylight, Brady, with bridle in hand, came to the stable, and, as true as the book of Genesis, when he saw the old roan sides, starn and head, he cursed and swore worse than you did, when I came down on your toes. After breakfast that morning, Jon Davis came to my house, and says he 'Brady's old roan

is nearly dead—she's cut all to pieces and can scarcely move. 'I want to know! (says I) how or earth did it happen?' Now Joe Davis was a member of the same church with Brady, and while we were talking, up cum that everlastin' hypocrite, and says he, 'Mr. Hitchcock, my old roan is ruined!'

'Du tell,' says I. 'She is cut all to pieces,' says he; 'do you know whether she was in your stable, Mr. Hitchcock, last night?'

Wal, mister, with this I let out: 'Do I know it?—(the Yankee here, in illustration, made a sudden advance upon the dandy, who made way for him unconsciously, as it were)'

—Do I know it, you no souled, shad-bellied, squash-headed, old night-owl you!—you bay-hookin', corn-cribbin', fodder-fudgin', cent-shavin', whittling-of-nothing you! Kate kicks like a mere dumb beast, but I've reduced the thing to a science! The Yankee had not ceased to advance, or the dandy, in his astonishment, to retreat; and now, the motion of the latter being accelerated by an apparent demonstration on the part of the former to 'suit the action to the word,' he found himself in the 'social hall,' tumbling backward over a pile of baggage and tearing the knees of his pants as he scrambled up, a perfect scream of laughter stunning him from all sides. The defeat was total; a few moments afterward he was seen dragging his own trunk ashore, while Mr. Hitchcock finished his story on the boiler-deck.—St. Louis Reveille.

BEAUTIFUL—Music for the Melancholy!

Aye! let it be breathed over the desponding heart, and even if it be buried in gloom, like the landscape at night, ere long you shall see the cheerfulness climbing up the horizon of despair, like the moon beyond the mountains, hallowing every thing with a light softer than the very darkness it illumines, and more bland than the noontide of joy. Yes! pour forth the mystic soul of song, and the downcast brow shall lose its cloud of care, the eye anon shall beam with its wonted cheer, and the cheek glow radiant with smiles.

Music for the Mourner! Not the wild measures that lead to the dance, or that rouse wrath in the tempest of battle. O, no! Soft as angel whisperings, and plaintive as the moanings of the anguished heart, be the tones that would blame the stricken in heart. Let them murmur of blighted hope and buried love, till the crushed feelings are identified with the sympathetic strain. But did not the thought long wander in the grave. Let the melody, embodied as it were into a thousand lissed hues, gild the portals of the tomb, and stream like the auroral glory toward Heaven.

A BEAUTIFUL ANSWER.—It was a beautiful turn given by a lady, who being asked where her husband was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in a conspiracy, resolutely answered that she had hidden him. This confession caused her to be brought before the Governor, who told her that nothing but confession where she had hidden him could save her from torture. "And will that do?" "Yes," replied the Governor, "I will pass my word for your safety upon that condition." "Then," said she, "I have hidden him in my heart, where you may find him." This surprising answer charmed the Governor, and procured her husband's pardon.

PILING UP JOES.—Speaking of wages—what is more waggish than a dog's tail when he is pleased?

Speaking of tails—we always like those that end well. Hog's, for instance.

Speaking of hogs—we saw one of these animals the other day lying in the gutter, and in the opposite one a well dressed man; the first had a ring in his nose, the latter a ring on his finger. The man was drunk, the hog was sober. "A hog is known by the company he keeps," thought we; so thought Mr. porter, and off he went.

Speaking of going off put us in mind of a gun we once owned. It went off one night, and we haven't seen it since.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—Mrs. Child, in one of her late pleasant fictions, has this truly poetical sentiment:

"Two souls that are sufficient to each other—sentiments, affections, passions, thoughts, all blending in love's harmony—are earth's most perfect medium of heaven. Through them the angels come and go continually, on missions of love to all the lower forms of creation. It is the halo of those heavenly visitors that veils the earth to such a golden glory, and makes every little flower smile its blessings upon lovers."

GRAMMATICAL WITCRAFT.—We don't know who originated the following, but it is a good one at all events:

"Bobby, what is steam?"

"Boiling water."

"That's right, compare it!"

"Positive, boil; comparative, boilery; superlative, burst."

Blockade and Naturalization.

The New York Courier and Enquirer, in an article on the subject of the expected war with Mexico, makes the following suggestions in reference to our position, duties, etc., in that event. The subject is one of great importance, and claims earnest attention; and profound consideration:

In the great European struggle, in the beginning of this century, when we were neutral, and therefore interested to maintain neutral rights, in their largest extent—we put forth doctrines and assumed positions, which, when we shall be belligerents, it may be somewhat difficult for us to reconcile with the practice or the pretensions we will probably resort to:

In two very direct and very obvious ways our belligerent pretensions will be brought into contact with our doctrines as neutrals—the rights of blockade, and the rights of naturalization. With respect to blockades, as neutrals, we stickled for the most strict and rigid adherence to the rule that the actual presence of a competent force can alone constitute a lawful blockade—and with respect to naturalization, we maintained our right to regulate the whole subject for ourselves; and without just cause of offence to foreign nations, shall we, as belligerents, be willing to concede to Mexico the unlimited right of naturalization we claimed as neutrals? If the proposition so coolly put forth some months ago by the Union, for taking and hanging up the crews of some half-dozen privateers, if they should prove not to be Mexicans by birth, is to be considered indicative of the purposes or views of the Government, the above question must be answered in the negative; and this is precisely the first and the most important, as well as the most perilous question which is to arise.

The war of Mexico, if war is to come, will be mainly a war of privateers—and her commission will doubtless naturalize those who sail under them. This is broader somewhat than our claim—but in principle it is identical, and cannot be gainsayed by us without running counter to all our past history. Yet it is not to be disguised, that every where we hear the sentiment uttered, that if Mexico should attempt to scour the seas with crews made up